

*A Song in the Comedy call'd S<sup>r</sup> Fopling Flutter Set  
by Mr John Eccles Sung by Mrs Hudson & exactly  
engrav'd by Tho: Cross.*



Cælia with mournful pleasure hears my soft, my soft com-  
plaints of Love; mingles her wishes sigh's and tear's, & vow's... her  
heart I move. But when to the blest, the blest hour I press the willing,  
willing Maid denies; and tho' a passion she confess, yet her lord, yet her  
lord - Martyr dyes.

*Duty forbids my tender suit,  
When ere she bids me love;  
That guardian flame defends the fruit,  
The nodding bow wou'd give.  
Ah! might I with an am'rous Pray'r  
Attone her Fate and mine  
We'd both enjoy, but to my share  
Fall all the load of Sin.*